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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1912.

President Taft's New Role.

President Taft loses nothing by assuming the offensive. His one error in the past was that he has been apologetic, explanatory, and defensive. His speeches during his Western trip and his interview in the Outlook were of this character. His intimation in his Hamilton Club address at Chicago, concerning the Republican future, seemed to be tinged with discouragement, not to say despair.

His attitude has now entirely changed. He is confident of success, he is certain that what he has done is right, he maintains that his party's policies are for the best interests of the country. His assumption of this position not only strengthens him before the people, but gives his party followers renewed courage. He may not care to emulate his predecessor by insisting that everything he does is right, but he must admit that the American people delight in positive assertion and undoubted front. If the whole world loves a lover, none the less does it admire a fighter. No one ever won a battle by admitting defeat before the first gun was fired.

Despite all that may be said by the opposition, President Taft has much to his credit. If he goes forth panned in the consciousness of honest endeavor, if he strikes with courageous arm instead of apparently fearing antipathetic blows, he will infuse new courage into the Republican organization and convert indifference and apathy into active support.

A Law Is Needed.

The failure of the attempt to regulate the election of delegates from the District of Columbia to the Republican national convention by means of legal proceedings must have been anticipated. It is difficult to see how the courts can be expected to exercise jurisdiction over a matter which is not governed by statute.

It is to be regretted that Congress has not seen proper to enact the measure introduced by Senator Bristow, which would give the sanction of law to the choice of District delegates to the two national conventions. It is no exaggeration to characterize the present situation as an utter absurdity. When "votes" are deposited in ballot boxes by the bushel, when "votes" are transported from polling place to polling place by the wagonload, when the whole transaction is devoid of any semblance of law and order, it cannot be said that the election, so-called, is anything more than a farce.

Senator Bristow's bill does not give the ballot to the people of the District. It simply provides that they may express their preference for a Presidential candidate under proper safeguards and that the delegates which represent the District shall reflect this preference. If it could be enacted into law, it would give dignity and value to the participation of the District in national conventions and happily abolish a condition of affairs which is not to the credit of the Nation's Capital.

Alexandria County.

Much interest attaches to the action of the Virginia legislature looking toward giving municipal rights to Alexandria County. A bill with that object in view has passed the Virginia senate and is said to have fair prospect of favorable consideration in the house. This bill, following the lead of the State constitution, provides that the supervisors of Alexandria county shall be clothed with the powers of aldermen and a city council, with the judge of the county court as umpire upon acts and regulations made by them for the government of the people.

Alexandria County is the smallest and most densely populated county in the State of Virginia. It has an area about equal to the District of Columbia, and was originally that part of Virginia ceded to the United States as part of the Federal District. It has about 17,000 square miles and upward of 30,000 inhabitants. One-fourteenth of the territory is held by the Federal government at Fort Myer and Arlington. To incorporate the county into several small towns or into one big town does not meet with public favor, so it has been determined to organize the county government as a municipality, with power in the supervisors to levy taxes, establish police control, build side-

walks, open streets, construct sewers, and the like operations. If the bill be enacted, it will give to Alexandria County in effect a commission form of municipal government, with the judge of the county court as the acting mayor. It is believed by the advocates of the measure that it will give the county authorities the power needed to insure a capable, stable, and progressive government, which will enable the people to provide for their needs more directly than can be done through the present supervisors.

It means a long step forward in the progress of Alexandria County, and the real beginning of a city on the opposite bank of the Potomac.

Bermuda Withstands Temptation.

Bermuda has been tempted and has not yielded. An American syndicate offered \$1,000,000 annually for the privilege of erecting on a coral island near Hamilton a \$1,000,000 casino which would rival Monte Carlo. It was proposed to make the resort the greatest gambling place in the world. The offer has been refused.

It is worth while to make a note of this offer and its rejection. It indicates the development of the world along moral lines.

About Washington.

Of the writing about Washington there is no end. The National Capital eternally appeals to the magazine contributors. It presents so many attractive phases that its interest never seems to wane.

In the current issue of Scribner's is an article upon "The New Washington," by Montgomery Schuyler. It deals mainly with architectural Washington—the public buildings, past, present, and future—and, as might be supposed, expresses gratification that the style of the State, War and Navy Department Building and the Pension Office is not to be repeated in the structures recently authorized by Congress. Also, as might have been expected, there is much advice to the Washington people as to what they should and should not do. For instance, there is criticism because some of the financial and commercial buildings in Washington are imitations of government edifices. On the other hand, the New Masonic Temple is praised because it is built of "humble material, which is only baked clay," and the New Willard is perfectly proper because "of its reticence of marble and granite in favor of a modest limestone."

This is really quite interesting, as, indeed, is the condemnation of those citizens in Washington who would desire to see more commercial activity here. "They are so ill-advised," writes Mr. Schuyler, "as to agitate for the commercial booming of the Capital by the encouragement of manufactures. 'That would be,' he adds, 'a suicidal operation.' Entertaining these views, it is no wonder that Mr. Schuyler commends the proposition of the Engineer Commissioner to regulate by law every phase of private construction, including architectural design and building material. In other words, Mr. Schuyler would relegate the citizen of the District to a position where he would be deprived of every vestige of independence and be subordinate to arbitrary regulation and authority.

It is not likely that the District people will be asked to sacrifice all their individuality and their personal rights for the mere privilege of residing in the National Capital. At the same time, it is worth while reviewing Mr. Schuyler's suggestions. They give us a view-point of District citizenship as presented to the country through the medium of an influential magazine.

Make the Names Public.

Senator Bryan's bill proposing to make public the names of the persons upon the pension roll, with their addresses, length of military service, and the law under which they receive their pensions, ought to become a law.

The pension list is characterized as a roll of honor. This being the case, there can certainly be no objection to giving publicity to the names which are upon it. If, on the other hand, there be any who are receiving bounty which is undeserved, it is but right that their fraud should be exposed.

The United States is now expending over \$50,000,000 annually for pensions. It is a great pay roll, and for this reason ought to be scrutinized with the closest care.

OF INTEREST IN WASHINGTON.

From the Buffalo Express.
The Washington Six o'clock Club is thinking of changing its name. Perhaps six o'clock is too early.

From the Nashville Tennessean.
Mosquito larvae hatched out in Washington after remaining dormant for thirty million years. Next gentlemen, please.

From the Florida Times-Union.
Extremes meet. Washington, who always told the truth, and Roosevelt, who always Oh, well, both landed in the White House.

From the Cleveland Press.
Our idea of hard work and poor pay is walking from Cleveland to Washington to tell somebody you have no job.

From the Milwaukee Sentinel.
War correspondents may have their troubles with foreign names, but Washington correspondents have to contend with Constantine N. Papanichaeopoulos, the Grecian Minister.

From the Des Moines Capital.
When Edith Root starts out to picture a fallacy like that of the recall of judges, he does not complete a job of it that there is little else left to be done but move the previous question.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

ORATORY.

The statesman throws his shoulders back and straightens out his tie. And says: "My friends, unless it rains, the weather will be dry. And when this thought into my brain has percolated through. We common people nod our heads and loudly cry: 'How true!'"

The statesman blows his massive nose and clears his august throat. And says: "The ship will never sink so long as it's afloat. Whereat we roll our solemn eyes, applaud with male and might. And slap each other on the back the while we say: 'He's right!'"

The statesman waxes stern and warns: his drone becomes a roar, he yells: "I say to you, my friends, that two and two make four. And thereupon our doubts dissolve, our fears are put to rout, and we agree that here's a man who knows what he's about."

Uncle Pennywise Says:
It's the step that isn't there that jars us; and it's the same way with a good many other troubles.

Leap Year.

A local youth is having trouble with his girl.
"Why don't you marry me?" he demanded the other day.
"I'll marry you; but not until next year."
"Why the delay?"
"I'm not going to have it said that I did the proposing."

February 1 in History.

February 1, 1777. Owing to reverses of his troops, George III falls off the wagon again.
February 1, 1788. Roswell and Johnson have a splitting headache, owing to too much indulgence the night before.

It's a poor humorist who can't take a joke—and twist it into a new shape.

The Tireless Weaver.

Time adds swiftly, day by day, to his web.
January slipped away;
Now it's Feb.

The Fountain Juggler.

"Will you have a glass of soda?"
"Yes. Shall we go into this store?"
"I prefer the drug store on the corner. The dispenser there is so slick that he can strain a drink through his hair."

Just So.

"What are you doing there, Hiram?" inquired Farmer Haw.
"I got a bear trap, but I ain't had no luck with it as yet."
"Well, you'll have great luck if you don't catch somebody that will sue you."

Nothing to It.

"I blame my downfall on trashy literature," said the burglar.
"Gives one false ideas of life."
"That's it. The hero of the dime novel always breaks jail, and I ain't never been able to break jail yet."

MARSE HENRY WATTERSON.

From the Omaha Bee.
Marse Watterson is something of a letter writer himself.

From the Baltimore Evening Sun.
Why not the Hague court for the Watterson-Tillman row?

From the Knoxville Sentinel.
The master of Southern Journalism doesn't appear well in this latest controversy.

From the Boston Herald.
"Marse Henry" wants a court of honor appointed. Why not hold a julep-mixing contest?

From the Newark Star.
See here, colonel: why not a permanent court of honor on the Hague plan to decide who really "lives the goods?"

From the Pittsburgh Post.
Col. Watterson's suggestion for a gentleman's court of arbitration isn't necessary. There is really nothing to arbitrate.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.
We are beginning to suspect that Col. Watterson has no intention of supporting Woodrow Wilson, even if the New Jersey governor shall become the Democratic nominee.

From the Florida Times-Union.
Col. Harvey finds that Gov. Wilson is an unappreciative friend; Col. Watterson seems to condemn Gov. Wilson as a schoolmaster. Happy is the candidate against whom nothing worse is charged.

From the Nashville Tennessean.
Col. Henry Watterson, who protests that he was merely an innocent bystander in the Harvey-Wilson episode, has not only failed to extricate his friend Harvey, but he has gotten himself in deeper.

From the Cleveland Leader.
Col. Watterson complains that he found Woodrow Wilson's manner superior. But the colonel should understand that there is a difference between Kentucky and Jersey college-president hospitality.

From the Louisville News.
When considered in connection with his previous fulminations against Woodrow Wilson, Henry Watterson's delivery tends strongly to confirm the impression that he has made an irretrievable blunder by injecting his own clamor into the Harvey-Wilson episode.

Where Publicity Is Needed.

From the Washington Post.
The persistent controversies about the use of money in former Presidential elections, which are both annoying and humiliating, ought to serve one good purpose: public opinion ought to demand complete publicity, both before and after the election, of every contribution and of every expenditure. The law that requires such publicity does not apply to Presidential elections. But public opinion might bring about such a result, and it ought.

Judge Forces an Inference.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.
A New York judge has handed down this important decision: "Concept in a woman does not necessarily mean she is insane. And the inference will be that it's just the other way with poor man."

Peace the Great Question.

From the New York Mail.
There is no particular occasion for worry, because we are, as a nation, "unprepared for war." The trouble with the world up to this time has been that it was unprepared for peace.

A Bid for the Inauguration.

From the Los Angeles Tribune.
Don't change the date, Congress; change the place! Look at Los Angeles!

THE POLITICAL PROCESSION

By FRANCIS H. GESSNER.

The ever restless ones in politics who are busy nominating and defeating candidates for President in the New Willard lobby each night were somewhat agitated over the final of the lively scrap-book citing Grover Cleveland's letter of acceptance in 1894. The words of Cleveland, then governor of New York, were quoted by those who insist that Roosevelt ought not to ask a third term after his declaration in 1904 that "under no circumstances will I be a candidate for re-election."

Republican members of Congress from New York, who have taken pains to visit or write him during the last week. Those who have written have insisted with some vigorous language that he make clear his intentions and to reply if he is really seeking another nomination. The replies have come typewritten and, on latter day, the Outlook office has been taken to task for putting in plain white envelopes. While the text of the replies has given the recipients reason to believe that the colonel is actually a candidate, the actual wording does not so announce. So far as giving "re-formation" of Col. Roosevelt's real desires or plans is concerned, the letters can be read backwards and give fully as much enlightenment. There is a thankful expression at the start, a suggestion that the correspondent see William Ward, the New York member of the National Committee, and then an invitation for luncheon at Oyster Bay or the Outlook office at the convenience of the Congressman to be discussed. When this kind of answer was entered there were found in it piles of boxes filled with journals. More than 500 of them were brought to light. Abdul never destroyed any letter sent to him, however insignificant or however unimportant the sender.

Among the countless journals of Abdul had not a single line found written by himself. He never wrote anything. He had an unaccountable aversion to the art of writing, although he urged others, under the penalty of death, to write to him as often and as completely as possible to keep him informed of all that was going on in the capital and in the empire. Even his name he never signed. His initials, however, were as death sentences or order of promotion for courtier or slave.

But although the ex-Sultan never wrote himself, he was exceedingly fond of reading. This fondness during the latter years of his reign, became a passion. He read day and night, and never went to bed without a book. His library was characteristic of his disposition and character. It consisted of books of a most trivial nature. Novels with a murderous ending were his predilection. He displayed, however, a curiosity for the bloody and gruesome incidents of crime and crime were his delight.

An Ardent Wilson Supporter.

The most ardent Woodrow Wilson disciple who has yet traveled Washington is William G. McAdoo, of New York, New Jersey, and Tennessee, who happens to be much more famous as an engineer than as a political promoter. Mr. McAdoo leaped to fame because of his genius as the constructing engineer who, under the Hudson tunnel, extended the heart of Manhattan. Coming from Tennessee, this one of the McAdoo family was not so wholly occupied with great feats of engineering that he could not pay some attention to political engineering, and he became remarkably interested in the career of Gov. Wilson. Hence, the frequent exclamations of Engineer McAdoo that Gov. Wilson is sure to be the Democratic nominee and sure to be elected over Taft or Roosevelt or any other candidate of the opposition.

It matters not that the retort is given that McAdoo may know a lot about tunnels and gigantic feats of engineering and yet be somewhat devoid of political knowledge. The reply of McAdoo is that he has been going about the country some and has talked politics more than any of his kind. He found almost an uprising of the people for Wilson in Tennessee and elsewhere in the South. "It goes without saying we are overwhelmingly for him in New Jersey," added McAdoo, "and once he is the nominee for President we will take care that he gets the electoral vote no matter what conspiracy gets to work in Essex County, a county that did not vote just right last year for reasons well understood. I tell you there is nothing else coming to the Democratic party but Wilson for President and victory."

This generous exclamation of McAdoo's eloquence in behalf of the Jersey governor was heard in silence by the Hon. Jefferson Levy, a Democratic member of the New York legislature, who is known to be conservative. The more Levy pondered in silence over the McAdoo predictions the more forceful became the McAdoo remarks. Levy still pondered and venturing neither contradiction nor confirmation.

How Taft Met Glascock.

John B. Stanchfield, of New York, came down to Washington with his old friend, Senator O'Gorman, following the Senator's speech at the West Virginia State dinner. Not so very many years ago Judge Stanchfield was the Democratic nominee for governor of New York. It was not a good year for Democrats, and while he failed of election he has continued his interest in Democratic affairs with enthusiastic satisfaction over the victory of his party in recent years. Senator O'Gorman returned immensely pleased with his experience at the West Virginia banquet. While it was a small affair in numbers as compared with the big Ohio dinner, there was fully as much eloquence and cheer, and besides, the West Virginians had President Taft as a guest and that meant much to a society five years old, while the Ohio society celebrated its twenty-eighth birthday. There were more political notables at the West Virginia guest table than at the Ohio affair. Besides Senator O'Gorman the West Virginians had President Taft, Secretary Hilges, Senator Clifton, Senator Scott, Gov. Glascock, John McGraw, member of the Democratic National Committee; Elliott Northcott, once State chairman, now Minister to Venezuela, and a host of State political leaders.

The first to shake hands with the President when he came in was Gov. Glascock, who had just finished telling the newspaper that Roosevelt would be nominated for President. Everybody else at the table wanted to be first to grasp the President's hand, but Glascock was so small and thin that he was able to turn around quickly and beat all the others. There was simply a hand shake and a smile on the President's part and no show of rigidity or ill humor, as some of the New York reporters, who were met by the President and governor met Gov. Glascock, by the way, went through Washington yesterday en route to Welch, W. Va., for a public function, but as Welch is in the region where Isaac T. Mann, an ardent Taft supporter, is powerful there is some speculation as to the haste of Glascock to get into the boys' tail section of the State so soon after having luncheon with the Outlook contributing editor.

Politics and Business.

From the Buffalo Express.
The visiting president of the real estate association told an important truth on Friday when he said that business no longer fears political agitation as it once did. Notwithstanding that this is the Presidential year, the immediate outlook for the real estate man is bright. In Buffalo, it is very bright.

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THE JOURNAL OF

ABDUL HAMID

The so-called "Diwan" of the deposed Sultan Abdul Hamid of Turkey are to appear in print. These are the most authentic records of his terrible thirty-three years' reign and will throw interesting light upon the social conditions of court life at Constantinople during the rule of the "red assassin." These memoirs include historical memoranda; diaries; letters of denunciation; transactions of the female slave market; sanctions of executions and tortures; notes, bills, and statements of unimpeachable spies; feverish scribbles of falsehood and treachery; Machiavellian records and registers; and as testimony of unheeded oppression and cruelty.

All this will give a lurid insight into the fierce, gloomy, melancholy moods and haunting fears of the man who is aptly called "The Nero of the Eastern Rome." It will reveal infamy and wickedness rarely paralleled in the world's history. Soon after the deposition of Abdul Hamid took at the head of the new constitution regime made every effort to get possession of all the papers of the past. Search was made for them in all the vast quarters of the Yildiz Kiosk, in the subterranean passages, closets, and caves of the "palace" (that part of a Mohammedan's house assigned to men), and even in the sacred domain of the Sultan's harem, with its 2,000 beauties.

All search was in vain. Abdul had to disclose the whereabouts of the documents himself. He kept them in a hidden chamber near his bedroom, access to which was known only to him. It was shut and opened by the ingenious contrivance, the workings of which none could discover. When this hidden chamber was entered there were found in it piles of boxes filled with journals. More than 500 of them were brought to light. Abdul never destroyed any letter sent to him, however insignificant or however unimportant the sender.

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The reading of his secret notes afforded him pleasure. He spent hundreds of thousands of Turkish pounds every year for the indefatigable services of his intricate, always well-managed and well-directed espionage system. Although he never let his daughter's head with his hand, he was a devoted father. On the border of his waistcoat were found these words: "I have been basely betrayed by my subjects; do what you will with me, but spare my people." The present dynasty is likely to face a similar ending.

The expression "foreign devil" (fan kwei) and "sons of foreign devils" (fan kwei's) are not heard in China any more in the new republicanism regime once established and Sun Yat Sen has his way. Europeans, to whom that insulting term has been applied, may be consoled by the fact that a century ago they were regarded as "foreign devils" by the Chinese.

Among these thousands of documents the majority are letters of denunciation. The Sultan's private secretary, who was not a servant to be first a spy and then a denunciator. A jealous official, eager to replace a superior, an inferior of the imperial harem determined to be raised to the dignity of a eunuch, had only to scribble down a few lines denouncing somebody, no matter whom and no matter how high and distinguished, and the object was attained. Abdul had a special secretary who had nothing else to do but to receive such scribbles and to hand them over to his master, who never inquired into the facts or the truth of the accusation. A written statement from whatever source was sufficient for the accused to be condemned and in many cases executed.

Abdul's system of espionage had many formidable branches, reaching into the lowest levels of the population, and up into the highest circles of society. He paid his spies liberally. He readily distributed little bags full of gold pieces for every little information against anybody whom he had begun to dislike. His imperial favors and bounties knew no limits when news of a plot or conspiracy was brought to him. Many a despicable tale bearer became the governor of a province for a mere calumny. Fathers spoiled on their sons, sons plotted against their parents, wives slandered their husbands, servants slandered their masters, and each and all were getting royal reward from the arch-spy Abdul.

The publication of the "Diwan" will also reveal strange facts concerning a number of high state officials and diplomats of the present Young Turk regime. Pashas, ministers and even grand viziers (secretaries of state), are said to be implicated. In fact it begins to look as though several despots who at present are arrogantly repudiating the ideas of liberty and brotherhood, or freedom from the yoke of barbarous, autocratic rulers, are, nevertheless, during Abdul Hamid's time, and that even the former Grand Vizier Halik Pasha is not free from the reproach. A letter has been found which had been addressed to the ex-Sultan by the present Grand Vizier, Said Pasha, in which this latter speaks in derogatory terms of the Ottoman constitution. "This should never have been granted," was the opinion of the aged statesman.

Such facts are eagerly taken up by the opposition being desirous to overthrow the dearly-bought liberal regime. Interminable discussions follow in the Parliament. Accusation and defense are both weak and futile and in many ways purposeless. There are some, among others also the War Minister Mahmud Shevket Pasha, who are of the opinion that Abdul's memoirs should be reduced to ashes. This counsel, however, is not likely to prevail, and the meretricious documents will go to print.

The Tartar dynasty of the Manchus, which Sun Yat Sen has all but succeeded in driving out of China, came into that country by accident, not by design. A great rebel leader of three centuries ago believed he had done a good deed when he secured the aid of the Tartar King, who came with 80,000 men to Pekin, pillaging that city, and retreating across the frontier back to Manchuria, where he died. But he left his army in the new Emperor of China, so that the rebels found their cost that they had "brought in lions to drive out dogs."

Before all that happened, the old Emperor, who was in the study of the account, had submitted to the inevitable

STATESMEN, REAL AND NEAR.

By FRED C. KELLY.

When Insurgent "Vic" Murdock, of Kansas, was a reporter in Chicago years ago, his city editor sent him out one night to get a photograph of Mr. Higgenbotham, who had just been made president of the Chicago World's Fair. Being sent after a mere photograph, and especially of a male person, isn't the sort of thing that fills a reporter with a sense of his own importance, and "Vic" felt about as aggressive as a paper-hanger when he reached the Higgenbotham home. At the door he met another reporter, who was there for an interview.

A servant let them in and told them to walk down the hall to Mr. Higgenbotham's library. Just as they were entering the man's room an Oriental rug slid with "Vic" Murdock and he fell on the costly hardwood floor with a few thuds, like a German comedian.

The other reporter, without waiting to introduce himself, calmly turned to Higgenbotham and began a learned discourse on the causes leading up to "Vic's" fall. "Here is a young man," said the reporter, "who has been well trained and accustomed to a certain amount of the luxuries of life, but he has been growing these Chicago streets until he has reverted to semi-savagery and has lost his knack at walking on a rug or a hardwood floor. His case presents an interesting bit of scientific data that we might consider with profit."

And he went on in that vein for some minutes, while the host wondered if he were entertaining a pair of psychopathic patients.

When they were outside "Vic" said: "My name's Murdock. May I ask yours?"

"My name's Pete Dunn," answered the other reporter. And "Vic" felt elated to know that he was if anything, a better reporter, then just beginning to attract local attention in Chicago.

Years passed. A few months ago Congressman Murdock was hurrying across the lobby of a New York hotel and slipped on a rug. He picked himself up, groaned about it, and if anybody noticed him, the way a person will, and found himself looking into the smiling and prosperous gazing countenance of Finley Peter Dunn.

"Needn't explain it this time," exclaimed "Vic." "I know. You made it perfectly clear that night twenty years ago. I've reverted once more to my semi-barbaric state."

Oscar Underwood, the House leader, has characteristics that crop out all the way through, even in the matter of dress. He is easily the neatest dresser in the House. But his clothes are subdued and conservative, and seem to have been made especially for the calm, unruffled Underwood. You never see Oscar with a pair of shoes that need shining, or that are run down, even the senility which he has at the hour of yet does not get the impression that he gives much thought to his appearance. He

by hanging himself in his imperial garden, along with the Empress, after cutting off his daughter's head with his hand. On the border of his waistcoat were found these words: "I have been basely betrayed by my subjects; do what you will with me, but spare my people." The present dynasty is likely to face a similar ending.

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